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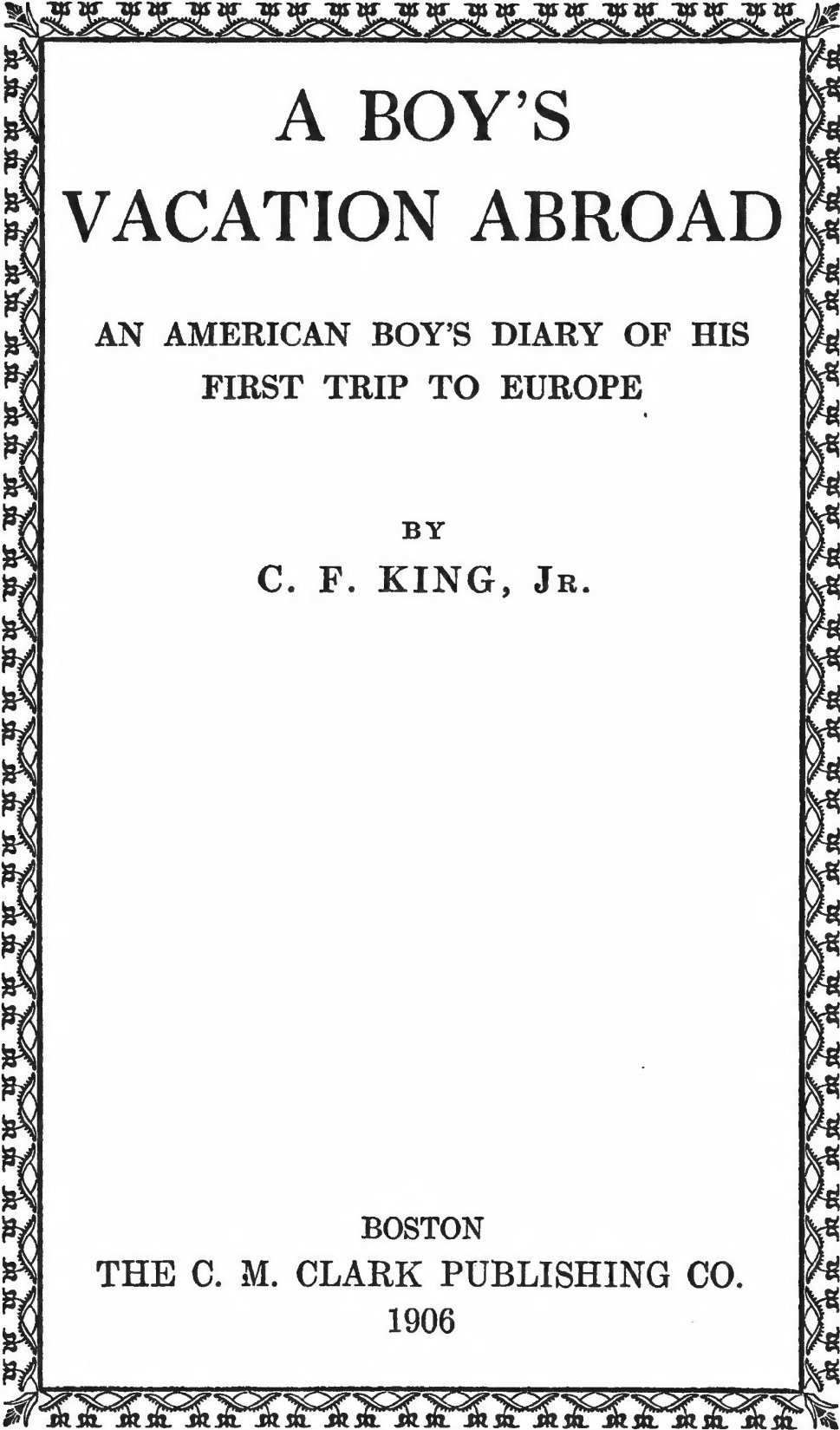
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A BOY'S VACATION ABROAD



C. F. KING, JR.



A BOY'S VACATION ABROAD

AN AMERICAN BOY'S DIARY OF HIS
FIRST TRIP TO EUROPE

BY
C. F. KING, JR.

BOSTON
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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

WE suggested to young King that he reproduce the Dedication in his own handwriting and wrote him to this effect. His answer was so good that we thought we would tell the readers about it. It ran as follows:

“I wrote out that Dedication the best I could and hope it is the correct thing, but must say I think to print it in type would look much better, for I write like a hen, and do not like the idea of writing in this book. Am afraid it will queer the book.”

Dedication

This, my first book, being a correct diary of my first vacation abroad, I dedicate to the fellows of St. John's School, at Manhattan, New York, with expressions of regret that they were not all with me

Winthrop, Mass., Sept. 22, 1906

C. F. King, Jr.

INTRODUCTORY

THIS is my first book. I have worked awfully hard to write it. It is the first time I ever tried to write a book and, of course, I do not know how well I have succeeded. It may be a terrible "frost" and then again it may "catch on." I hope it will "catch on." I lost a lot of fun writing it. Every page represents good hard work and for the most part it represents work put in when the temperature was up high and the weather very hot. A great deal of it was also written when I had to fight mosquitoes with one hand while I was writing with the other. In Rome, Brindisi, Athens, and Constantinople I had to do this. The insects were also bothering me when I was trying to write in Naples, but I stuck to my post and now it is finished. The pictures I made with my own camera.

I am proud of the pictures because they are good. That much of my book I feel sure

will not be criticised very severely, because I had a good camera and everybody who has seen the pictures says that they are all right.

This book is the result of a promise which I made to my father. He told me that if I would be good at school and catch up in my studies, and also if my brother Cabaniss was good and caught up in his studies, and I would agree to write a complete diary about my trip and write it every night, he would take me with him on his vacation to Europe. And so this book is the result.

When I was sitting up nights, tired and weary after a day's hard sightseeing, trying as best I could to fulfil my promise, writing in my diary, I never once thought that it would be made into a book for the public to read. I wrote it because I had made a promise to father and because he wanted me to write it. I thought it would be a good keepsake and that I could refer to it in the years to come and recall the pleasant times I had on the trip.

I do not know whether or not anybody will consider it one of the "57 Varieties." I hope, however, that it will please a great many people and I believe it will interest every one

who has traveled in the countries mentioned in the book. I believe those who have not been abroad will enjoy reading it, and every one who goes abroad for the first time could use this book as a guide, I am sure, to good advantage by going to see the things which I have tried to describe.

A trip like the one described in this book would do anybody good. It would give them an idea of the world, and when they came back they would be better Americans and love our flag better than they did before they went away. That is the way I feel about it.

I am very glad I was fortunate enough to take the trip, and glad also that I kept a diary while making it. All I can say to any one who reads this book is that if you have a chance to go to Europe and see something of the Old World, don't miss it. It's worth while.

C. F. KING, JR.

St. John's School,

Manlius, N. Y., September 27, 1906.

ABOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1906.

YESTERDAY my brother Cab and I packed two trunks, two dress suit cases, saw a baseball game at Winthrop in the afternoon and fireworks at Orient Heights at night. Our baggage was ready to be put aboard the *Arabic* to begin our bully vacation trip to Europe which Papa had promised to us, and to which we had looked forward with so much pleasure and delight during our last days at school.

Papa had written us that if we were real good he would take us on a vacation trip to see some of the sights of the Old World, and now we are aboard the great White Star Liner *Arabic*, the biggest ship that comes into Boston Harbor, and we are steaming along at a good clip for the other side.

Already both Cab and I have been all over the ship. She is a beauty. There are five

great decks, and the promenade on the upper deck is wider than the sidewalk on Washington Street, Boston, and extends all the way round the ship.

I have already gotten acquainted with the old sailor who is deck quartermaster, and he says that to walk round this promenade ten times is equal to a mile.

A great bunch of people were at the dock in Charlestown to see the *Arabic* sail away. Among them were Mama and my two young brothers, several people from Papa's office and some of my friends from Winthrop. The boat pulled out at 9.30, and it was a great sight to see the people on the wharf as we were leaving all waving farewells to their friends aboard the big ship. The people in Papa's office and other friends sent great baskets of flowers for our stateroom, which made the room look very much like a florists' bazaar.

There are twenty public school teachers aboard from Boston and other towns in New England. They are the prize winners in a big Boston newspaper contest and are all to the merry. I have already been introduced to the entire bunch. Among the teachers are

Miss Grace Allan of Bristol, Rhode Island, Miss Ellen Barrett of Newburyport, Massachusetts, Miss Mary Bonython of Boston, Miss Madeline Cass of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, Miss Agnes Crosswell of Providence, Rhode Island, Miss Annie Maguire of Jamaica Plain, Miss Rachel Rosnosky of Boston, and Miss Elizabeth Sharry of Worcester. They are all, all right, all right, and unless we run into a storm and they all get seasick I am sure we are going to have a good time.

I have also formed the acquaintance of Mr. John Burke of Boston, who, with his sister, Mrs. Keith, have deck chairs adjoining ours. I have also been introduced to Mr. J. W. Garthwaite, a very jolly young man from San Francisco who is going over to attend Oxford College. Have met a Dr. Charles Green, Mrs. Green and their daughter, with whom I have made a date to play shuffle-board tomorrow.

Mr. J. F. Hannan, a prominent lawyer of Lynn, is also on board with his son Lennox, who is about my age and is a bright fellow. I have met Mr. W. D. MacInnes and Mrs. MacInnes of Pittsfield. They have their two little boys, Donald and John, with them and

are off for a good time. Mr. John W. Mitten and Mrs. Mitten of Boston are also on board and I have been introduced to them. I have also met the Honorable John R. Murphy of Charlestown, and Mrs. Murphy, and their three very bright children. Mr. Joseph F. Quinn, who was some years ago mayor of Salem, is on board and is accompanied by his son Tom, who is also about my age and a bright fellow. I was down in the dining saloon with him to-night and he can make the piano talk in great shape.

My opinion of everybody on board, both First and Second Cabin, is that they are all to the good.

At twelve o'clock to-day we passed out of sight of land. Had lunch at one, tea served on the promenade deck at four, dinner at 7.30. The *feed* is all right. Papa has had a confidential interview with the dining saloon steward and he says all we have to do is to ask for anything we want. We have seats at a bully good table, chairs on the promenade deck, our stateroom is a good one and close to the bathroom, and everything is tip-top. To-day the sea has been smooth. I am sure we are going to have a good passage. I did not

know it was possible to be so comfortable and have such a good time at sea.

Being unable to keep all the flowers which our friends sent to us, in our stateroom, Papa presented them to the teachers. It made a hit with them. The teachers have a special table and you can hardly see them for the flowers, which are piled all over the table. Our first day has been all right.

ABOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1906.

I WAS up early this morning and as soon as I rolled out of my berth took a peep through the port hole to see what was doing outside. The sea was as calm as an old mill pond and the ship was sailing along so smoothly that I hardly knew she was moving.

Have had a good day. Finest ever. Everybody has gotten acquainted with everybody. We are in for a good time. The salt sea air whets up our appetites and we don't do a thing but eat when the bugle sounds for meals.

The deck quartermaster, who is always smiling and is always happy, explained to me to-day that it was against the rules for First Cabin passengers to cross over the fence to the Second. He asked me if I wouldn't please be careful and not open the gate to go across to the Second when he was looking. He said

they would call him down for it if they knew he saw me do it and didn't stop me. This deck quartermaster is all right. He has been on the *Arabic* ever since she was built and has been a sailor all his life. He fixes up games for us to play on the deck and can tell when a storm is coming by the smell of the atmosphere. He lives in Liverpool and has a wife and several children and says always when the trip is over he takes all of his money home and gives it to his wife. He is a very good man.

I have already rubbered all over the ship. Been all over the second cabin, in the steerage, engine room, and everywhere except on the captain's bridge.

Got acquainted early this morning with Pete McNally, the great swimmer, and his trainer Walter Critchell. Pete is going over to do some stunts in foreign waters. He is one of the best story-tellers I ever met. I like to hear him talk. He is making a big hit on the ship. The day has been all to the merry.

S.S. *ARABIC*,

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1906.

THE warm sunlight streaming in through my stateroom window this morning indicated that it was time to get up. A half-hour later I took my regular "constitutional" on the promenade deck. Most people who are not seasick do this to whet their appetites for breakfast. I didn't have to, for I had mine with me all the time. I don't need the salt sea air to give me an appetite. It was very warm this morning but it soon grew cooler, a nice breeze springing up.

There wasn't much doing through the forenoon, so I passed away the time reading the Boston papers, particularly the reports of the 4th of July sporting events. While I was reading the *Herald* a passenger asked me if it was the morning paper. I told him it was but I didn't tell him what morning. Ten minutes later he happened along and said:

“Young man, didn’t you exercise a little mental reservation when I asked you if that was the morning paper?” I replied “Maybe I did,” and he went away laughing. Pa explained what he meant later and I had a quiet laugh.

During the afternoon Cab and I played games with the teachers. In the evening, after dinner, we went up on the hurricane deck to observe the sunset, which was beautiful. When Old Sol went down on the horizon line she lost her fine round shape and, spreading out like a hot air balloon does when it drops on the water after the parachute-jumper has made the descent, seemed to drop out of sight sideways. I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t seen it.

When the sun disappeared a group of passengers started in singing in chorus, and gradually the group became larger until there must have been a hundred voices there. Some of them were good and some were otherwise. Pete joined the party, and a regular concert was arranged then and there. He told some humorous stories and sang some comic songs, and a German Count — somebody said his name was Von De-Kickiac — made a speech

in Dutch, and an Englishman named Chillington gave an imitation of Chevalier, but Chevalier's friends would never recognize it.

Pete made one of his songs famous on the ship — everybody was singing the chorus afterwards. It was about "Herrings' heads and all such things" in English dialect. The chorus went.

"Of all the fishes in the sea,
The herring is the fish for me.
Sing Tiddy fol lal fol lido
Tiddy fol lal — tiddy fol lal
Tiddy fol lal fol lido."

The concert lasted until eleven o'clock.

I didn't see a ship to-day, although we covered three hundred and eighty miles.

S.S. *ARABIC*,

SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1906.

SUNDAY is a beautiful day on board ship with a bunch of dead ones — nobody did anything — nobody said anything — it was like a deaf and dumb picnic. The day was a long one. The monotony of the morning was broken some, for there were church services. And they were agreeably short! The best part of the service was that there was no sermon.

We saw some sea birds, a black fish and a turtle — the turtle turned out to be a barrel.

It was a beautiful day and the people on the ship ought to have enjoyed it.

Somebody discovered a farmhouse on fire a few miles off on the port side and a few of the deck sleepers got up to see it. Then they laid out on the chairs again and kicked themselves for being fooled. Burning farmhouses are not common in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

After to-day's experience I don't wonder that the Second Cabin passengers called the First Cabin "the morgue!" Over in the Second there was all kinds of fun, even if it was Sunday, and I don't think they sinned much either. Why do people wear long faces and look sick on Sunday?

We are three hundred eighty-eight miles closer to Europe to-day.

S.S. *ARABIC*,

MONDAY, JULY 9, 1906.

I GOT up before breakfast, as usual, this morning, about nine o'clock. A full rigged ship was sighted which caused a little excitement for awhile. The passengers are wide awake to-day and playing games. The weather and sea still continue good. There is a little ground swell on but nobody appears to be seasick.

Miss Cass, Miss Rosnosky, Cab, and myself went over to the Second Cabin to-night. There was an impromptu concert, and there was plenty of talent and a very pleasant hour was passed.

Then we went over to the steerage deck, where a bunch of Orientals were having a dance and singing choruses which were not understandable. We side-stepped back to the First, but it was dead there and we stowed away up for'ard and spun yarns for an hour.

I am learning to use sailor language, and my expressions are becoming real salty. I boasted about it to-day and Pete told me I had better watch out or barnacles would begin to sprout on me.

The ship is keeping up her pace — we made three hundred eighty-two miles to-day.

S.S. *ARABIC*,

TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1906.

ANOTHER beautiful day. Just as I came on deck this morning I noted some excitement among the Second Cabin passengers and ran aft to see what it was about. There was a large crowd at the rail looking over the sea. I asked an old Irish gentleman named Donahue what they were interested in, and in all seriousness he replied: "There's a flock of porcupines out there" — he meant a school of porpoises.

We have been sailing over the Devil's Hole all day — it is said to be the worst place in the Atlantic Ocean, that the severest storms take place there, and that the water is so deep that it cannot be fathomed. It is supposed to be over six miles deep. Just think of it. You could drop the highest of the Himalaya Mountains in there and it would go out of sight. When they told

me about it I felt that I was on a dizzy height.

We didn't pass a ship to-day, but whales were discovered very frequently, especially by Pete McNally and Tom Dowd. They make Christopher Columbus and the Lexow Committee look like the shadow of thirty cents for discovering things. They have wonderful eyesight — binoculars haven't a look-in with them and they can make the average person believe he sees the things they point out, too.

There was a funny incident over in the Second to-day. There is a Congregational minister over there who wears a Roman collar and cravat and is smooth shaven, and very much resembles a priest. Mr. Donahue, an old Irish gentleman, who had been very deferential to him, got in conversation with him to-day and learned, for the first time, that he was not a priest. He was disappointed, to say the least, and he told the minister so, adding: "But you are the finest imitation of a priest that I ever saw."

At 2.30 this afternoon there was a series of athletic sports on the lower promenade deck given for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphans' Home. The games provided lots

of amusement. Among the events were an egg and spoon race, obstacle race, cigarette race, needle and thread race, whistling contest, biffing on the boom, and a tug-of-war. It cost a quarter of a dollar to enter each of the contests and about all the younger passengers were competitors.

In the evening there was an open-air concert on the promenade deck, Second Cabin, and a dance in the steerage. There is always something doing in the Second, and many of us went over and spent an enjoyable evening there. Our run was three hundred and eighty-seven miles to-day.

S.S. *ARABIC*,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1906.

WE passed close enough to a Cunarder at noon to-day to exchange signals. The Christophers on board were discovering something new every hour during the day.

There was a little quiet excitement to-day for a time over a report that, during the night, several passengers had died in the steerage and were buried at sea, and that there were three births in that department. It was a fairy tale.

Pa had his kidding shoes on too, and circulated a story that the compass had run down and that the ship would lose at least sixty miles on the run to-day. And there were many who swallowed the yarn. You can tell people anything at sea and make them believe it.

Forty passengers were up at five o'clock this morning to see Pete swim around the ship for exercise. This was another of Pa's jokes. He

said that when the ship slows down every morning to oil the machinery, Pete takes advantage of it and swims around the ship for exercise. Captain Hambelton, Pa, and Pete have been seen to-day in earnest conversation and inspecting the life-boats, and a rumor is going around the ship that Pete is going to swim against the stream from Tastrut Light, off the Irish coast, to Roach's Point, Queens-town, a distance of fifty-two miles.

The Second Cabin passengers gave their final grand concert in their saloon to-night. All the teachers, Pa, Cab, and myself went over. It was a bully concert. There were fourteen numbers, including monologues, singing, recitations, and instrumental music. Pete told some stories and sang a song or two.

After the concert Miss Cass and Miss Rosnosky joined Pa, Cab, and myself in a midnight lunch of sandwiches and fruit. We covered three hundred and eighty-seven miles to-day even if the compass did run down.

S.S. *ARABIC*,

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1906.

A FELLOW named “Brophy Tibibbetts” — the name was a bluff — issued a call on the bulletin this morning for a grand meeting to be held in the Second Cabin saloon to commemorate the Battle of the Boyne. It will not take place, for a number of patriotic Irishmen have declared they will create a riot if a meeting is even attempted. “Tibibbetts” is responsible for a great deal of guessing. He issued another bulletin and had everybody in the air. It read: —

“There will be a Grand Bathing Suit Party in the Second Cabin at seven this evening. Ladies and gentlemen are expected to appear in bathing costumes. Pajamas and robes de nuit are acceptable. Everybody is expected to participate.”

And there were ladies on board who had read of such goings on at Newport who were

willing to take part in the affair, and who said it would be a stylish party. I'd like to have seen it carried out.

There is a good deal of excitement over Pete's race with the steamer to-day, and a number of the women folks have petitioned the captain not to let him swim — they are afraid he'll get drowned.

This is the last full day of the voyage and the captain says it is the best this season — not a bad day on the entire trip and everybody well and happy.

After lunch we sighted the Irish coast, and everybody became interested in the Emerald Isle. Thousands of sea gulls joined us here and the camera fiends got busy.

The coast of Ireland looks pretty barren — there are only a few trees and now and then an old castle on a hill, or a small village. About three o'clock we passed Tastrut Light, which looks something like our Boston Light. In fact, all lighthouses look alike to me. It is situated on a large rock and has a Marconi station. After we got tired of looking at Ireland, Miss Croswell, Miss Sharry, Miss Allan, Mr. Quinn, Mr. Minton, and myself played shuffle-board for an hour and pitched quoits.

Pete was not allowed to jump overboard off Tastrut for his swim, although he appeared in his swimming togs — the captain threatening to lock him up if he persisted. It was a great bluff on his part and the captain entered into the joke splendidly. Pa, with a long, serious face, played his part like an actor. He stirred up everybody and then became the doctor. He certainly was slick as a practical joker. I saw him to-day making a wise-looking man believe that the rudder wasn't working right and that we were turning in a circle, and the man didn't wake up for a long time.

At 8.45 the ship slowed down about three miles from the entrance to Queenstown Harbor, and a large side-wheel English steamer called a "tender" came alongside to take off the passengers for Ireland. It took about half an hour to put the trunks aboard that tender, and the way they slid them down upon her deck was "smashing baggage" all right, all right. Then about one hundred and fifty passengers went aboard and stood upon the upper deck; as they left we exchanged farewells and some of them were really tearful.

And then everybody sang. "My Old Kentucky Home" was started by the Mormon

Glee Club, assisted by everybody. That was Walter Critchell's favorite—he sang it all the time. It made a hit with me, for Walter was born in England and never was in Kentucky. Yet he always sang it with all his heart and soul.

“Good Night Ladies” went great, and “America” — Gee! How they sang it! There were many three cheers given — all the popular ones being remembered, including Tom Dowd, the school teachers, Pete, Walter, Pa, a Mormon named Willie, the Faheys, from Charlestown, and others. It was a grand parting. As the steamers parted, the singing continued, handkerchiefs waved and hundreds of little U. S. flags fluttered in the hands of those on board both vessels during the farewells. Everybody seemed to belong to one great family. I'll never forget that scene in the Irish Sea.

It was lonesome for a few hours after we parted. Then Pete and his friends and the Mormons all got together on the Second Cabin promenade and started to serenade the school teachers, who gathered up on the upper promenade deck of the First. There was a space of forty feet between them, and they just made

the air ring with song for over an hour. Then the teachers got a move on and sang a song or two in return. Kindergarten songs were popular, and "Lightly Row," "Beside the Blue Lake," and "Refreshed by Gentle Slumbers" became popular, except to those who were trying to get a little sleep. For the concert continued until after midnight.

It was a great night.

We made three hundred eighty miles to-day.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1906.

DURING the night we passed through St. George's Channel and up into the Irish Sea. The coast of Wales was in sight during the morning hours. I was up very early and, for the first time, saw the sun rise out of the sea — saw her coming up as big as a balloon and all dripping wet, the water running down over her sides. It's a beautiful illusion and a new one on me.

We had lunch earlier than usual — at 11.45 — for we were due in Liverpool at one o'clock. Before we reached the river Mersey we struck the usual fog, but as it was not especially thick we could see quite a distance. The passage up the river was not very interesting until we sighted New Brighton, the Coney Island of Liverpool, with its great electric tower, its Ferris Wheel and other attractive features. Pa told Cab that the tower was the great Eiffel Tower

of Paris, and like the little innocent he is, he swallowed it. Then we passed numerous craft, interesting because very unlike our American craft, and then the great Liverpool docks and the walled city itself.

We came to anchor near the *Cedric*, another White Star Liner, in front of the Riverside Railway Station and the great landing stage. The landing stage is really a gigantic floating pier. While we were making fast to the stage good-bys were in order for almost an hour, and then we passed over the gangway to English soil. Just before we left the ship an old fellow told me he would be glad when we landed on "terra-cotta," and he looked not only human but intelligent, too.

What excitement there was on the pier! Everybody hustling for baggage, freight handlers busy, messenger boys actually moving lively, cabbies scrambling for patrons, people rushing for the train, friends greeting friends, kissing and crying competitions, and all sorts of things going on.

In all the excitement I recognized Mr. John I. Taylor, the American League Baseball magnate of Boston. He was living in England and came down to meet his mother, who

was a passenger on the *Arabic*. Pa secured a compartment on the London & North-western train for London, and with Mr. Garthwaite, of California, a student at Oxford, Cab and myself we occupied it. We left at 3.15 for the great metropolis, and, after passing the docks and through the tunnel under the river, we were soon flying through some beautiful country. There were splendid farms, bounded by hedges and stone walls, great herds of sheep and beautiful towers. The houses impressed me — they are all built of brick, have a great many chimneys, are plain looking and all are built alike. Occasionally we passed a fine old castle.

We arrived at Euston Station, London, at 6.30, making the run from Liverpool in three hours and fifteen minutes, not bad time for two hundred and twelve miles. The cars are entirely different from our American cars. I like ours best. They call them "railway carriages" in England, which seemed funny to me.

Boarding a bus, we were driven to the Hotel Cecil on the Strand. We got something to eat and then walked to the Western Union Cable Office in Trafalgar Square, and sent a cable

home to Mama saying we arrived O. K. Then we went to the Alhambra Music Hall, and witnessed one of the best vaudeville shows I have ever seen. The theater is very large and beautiful. Smoking is allowed in any part of the house. Everybody had on evening clothes but us.

The women were dressed very swell and were covered with jewelry and paint. They wore nothing on the shoulders during the performance. Candy, sandwiches, tea, coffee, cigars, cigarettes, ice cream, cake, programs, beer, liquors, anything one was apt to want, was passed around for sale. The show closed with a grand ballet called "L'Amour," and in it were three hundred girls. It was great. It wasn't over until 11.30. On the way back to the Cecil we stopped at Scott's for lunch. We didn't waste any time getting to bed, for we were thoroughly tired.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1906.

WE had breakfast at nine o'clock and then started out to see London on foot — that is, we were on foot. We strolled along the Strand, past the Law Courts to Temple Bar. I needed a hair-cut, and finding a barber-shop just in front of Temple Bar, went in and experienced an English hair-cut — and it is an experience too! The barber shop was at one time the throne room of the Palace of Henry VIII, and the place where Henry and Cardinal Wolsey held many important conferences. Temple Bar marks the entrance to the old city of London; the great gateway once stood there.

Fleet Street, a continuation of the Strand, is the “Newspaper Row” of London, all the correspondents for papers all over the world having offices there. Down through Ludgate Hill Circus and up along Cheapside to St.

Paul's Cathedral was an interesting stroll. A funny thing about London is that the Circuses are what we call squares in American cities. I thought we were going to have a bully time in London, for I heard the different Circuses mentioned and I'm very fond of tented shows, peanuts, and lemonade, even if it is pink.

We went up by the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor lives, the Bank of England, and the Royal Exchange. We got measured for clothes at Gibbs. I ain't much stuck on London tailors — they do say they have good harness-makers in London, though.

Mounting a bus we were driven back to the Strand and over the famous London Bridge, and then returned to the hotel, where we found Walter, Pete, and Pa waiting for us. Walter broke away and, with Cab and I, strolled over to Westminster Abbey, passing the war office and Scotland Yard on the way. Westminster Abbey was full of interest. It is an old-timer among churches and many repairs were being made upon it to keep it from falling apart. We saw the tombs of famous people of England and the memorials in marble to the memory of great men and great events. In the "Poets' Corner" I felt

proud when I saw the bust of Longfellow, and prouder when I heard an Englishman remark, "He was the universal poet of our language."

From the Abbey we drifted down by the House of Parliament to Waterloo Bridge and along the Thames Embankment to the hotel. On the way we saw Cleopatra's Needle, — a great big obelisk from Egypt. We ran across London's famous sidewalk artist, a man who draws pictures with colored crayons on the street pavement. He is said to belong to a prominent family and was ruined by drinking. He draws with his left hand, his right having been struck by lightning.

We got back to the Cecil just in time to meet Colonel William Jennings Bryan, who may be our next president. With Pa, Pete, Walter, Mr. Henry G. Day of Providence, and Colonel Bryan, we had lunch in the big open court at the entrance to the hotel. We felt honored, and I know we were envied by many who were sitting around us. Colonel Bryan wasn't a bit stuck up, and was just like any ordinary nice American. We lolled around until dinner, and later Cab and I walked over to Piccadilly Circus and back, and then turned in, pretty tired after the day's sightseeing.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

SUNDAY, JULY 15, 1906.

WE were up early and after breakfast hired a victoria and went for a three hours' drive about London. We passed everything worth seeing, and during the drive went in through Hyde Park, where we met Peter, Walter, and a bunch of the school teachers who were out to view the regular Sunday morning "parade" in the park. When they saw us they gave us a real American reception and, judging from the way the natives looked at us, I guess they thought one of the Royal Family had happened on the scene. We spent the afternoon writing letters.

In the evening Cab and I went down to the St. Ermins Hotel, Westminster, to call on the school teachers — they arrived there last night from Stratford-on-Avon. They were pleased to see us for they were somewhat lonesome. Miss Rosnosky, Miss Cass, Cab, and myself

then went for a stroll and a bus ride. As we were leaving we met Miss Bonython, Mr. Garthwaite, Mr. McNally, Mr. Critchell, Miss Sharry, Miss Barrett, Miss Rand, and Miss Maguire — they went for a bus ride to White-chapel.

On returning home, Pa passed us on Whitehall Street — he was in a cab — he got out and joined us on our walk back to the hotel.

Since coming to London I have noticed many things which are different from us in America. At the night performances at the theater almost everybody wears evening dress, while in the afternoon the Prince Albert coat and tall hat are very common. The soldiers wear red uniforms and when off duty carry canes to keep them from putting their hands in their pockets. The police, letter-carriers and messenger boys wear uniforms. The fire stations are in the middle of the street and consist of a small push cart with a few ladders. There are no fire engines such as we have in the United States.

The streets have lights in the center; there are no telegraph poles; the lavatories are underground; there are no street cars in the city proper, busses being used instead. Electric

double-deck street cars run in the suburbs. One has to pay for programs at the theater, and in good hotels has to pay for a seat at the table. Bars are open on Sunday except during the church hours. There are very few drug stores or sporting-goods stores, and soda fountains cannot be discovered even with the aid of a telescope.

People are just getting educated to using ice water; are all grafters and are exceedingly polite — even when they hand you anything they say “thank you.” It’s a habit with them.

The subway is not up to ours. It is badly lighted; the stations are dark and dirty; both steam and electric trains are run through it, and it is always filled with coal dust and smoke.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

MONDAY, JULY 16, 1906.

CAB and I started out this morning to do some sightseeing. We took a bus to London Tower and spent about two hours there. We went through the White Tower, Beauchamp Tower and the Armory, and saw all there was to be seen, including the "Traitor's Gate" and the Crown Jewels. The armory, with its great collection of weapons of every description, armor, etc., was quite interesting. The Tower gives one the shivers when he thinks of what took place there years ago, and the yard, where the scaffold stood where the kings killed their wives when they got tired of them, makes you feel glad you didn't live in England in those times. I heard a man say, "The whole thing is a gruesome reminder of England's inglorious past," and I guess he was right. I am so glad I am an American. We've got relics in America, but

they stand for something decent and we can point with pride to them and tell the stories connected with them. The Crown Jewels were certainly beautiful.

From the Tower of London we walked through the passageway that is used when the drawbridge is open, and got a fine view of London and the Thames from the bridge.

To-night Miss Cass and Miss Rosnosky went with Cab and myself to the Vaudeville Theater to see Edna May in "The Belle of Mayfair." She was all to the merry and so was the rest of the show. The teachers were delighted — it was their first visit to a London theater. After the theater we met Mr. Henry G. Day, of Providence, and Mrs. Henry H. Love, of Boston, at our hotel. Mrs. Love had started for America on the *Deutschland* a few days before, but the steamer collided with a pier at Dover, and Mrs. Love returned to London to go on another steamer. She had been touring the continent for two months.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1906.

CAB and I spent the morning in the National Picture Gallery, where we saw some rare paintings from the hands of artists all over the world. I left Cab looking at the paintings while I went off to take some pictures with my camera.

In the afternoon I went to the British Museum, met the teachers there and three young fellows from Raleigh, North Carolina. That evening I ordered five hansoms and invited eight of the teachers to go with Cab and myself to Madame Toussaud's Wax Works. I had two of the teachers in a hansom with me, and, as the seat would only hold two, one of them sat on my lap. She didn't make any fuss over it — neither did I.

We returned to Charing Cross by the tube — subway — and had a car to ourselves. We had a merry time and sang all the way home,

creating quite a little sensation at every station — and the songs were all good American songs, too, with a real patriotic flavor. We had lunch at the Cecil and then drove the teachers back to St. Ermins. The teachers in the party were Miss Cass, Miss Rosnosky, Miss Hatton, Miss Sharry, Miss Allan, Miss Lamphrey, Miss Maguire, and Miss Barrett. They are a jolly bunch.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1906.

CAB and I went through St. Paul's Cathedral this morning. It is the finest as well as the largest church I have ever been in. In the afternoon Miss Cass and I went to Westminster Abbey and in the evening we went to the Criterion Theater. We met Cab and Miss Rosnosky there. We had bully good seats; they were complimentary, given to Pa by a friend. I wrote several letters on my return to the hotel, to Ma and others.

Pete and Walter left London for Paris today.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906.

WE spent this morning at the tailor's and rubbering about town. In the afternoon Pa took Cab and I to the Hippodrome where we saw a fine show. It is a large and handsome theater, and has an arena as well as a stage. The arena is on the floor in the center of the house. The entertainment consisted of vaudeville, circus, and museum acts, and a big spectacle called "The Flood." The stage is lowered and the arena forms a big tank which holds three hundred thousand gallons of water. About a hundred people, horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs, are utilized. The stage was fixed up like a village, with a mountain in the background, a house and bridge in the foreground. A shower takes place, a dam bursts, and house, bridge, cattle, sheep, people and all are swept away. It was thrilling and realistic. After the show we

drove over to the St. Ermins Hotel to say good-by to the teachers, as they leave for Paris to-night. Pa, Cab, and I went to the Empire Theater to-night and saw the best vaudeville show yet. The ballet "Coppelia" was better than "L'Amour" at the Alhambra.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1906.

CAB and I spent the morning riding about the city. We also had a delightful sail on the Thames. Boarding the steamer *Charles Lamb* at the Charing Cross Pier for Chelsea, ten miles up the river, we passed many interesting places, including the Parliament buildings, London Pottery Works, St. Thomas Hospital, Battersea Park, Pumping Station, and Lambeth Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury lives at Lambeth Palace, and it was there that the late Queen Victoria was sleeping when she was awakened and informed of her elevation to the throne of England. The steamer ride cost four cents.

We bought return tickets on the steamer *Alert*. The river steamers are about 130 feet long, 30 feet beam and have a 250 horsepower engine, which drives them about sixteen

miles an hour. The excursions are cheaper than bus rides.

Returning to the hotel we met Papa and he decided an auto ride would be a good thing, and so we went out for two hours. We headed for Regent's Park and rode all around this beautiful place, and then climbed Hampstead Hill, the highest point in London, and from which we obtained a splendid view of the city and suburbs. We were forty-five minutes from the Strand and it looked good to me.

On the way back we passed by the spar-yards and the house where Dick Turpin was supposed to have been imprisoned, and from which he escaped through a window, mounted a horse in readiness for him and rode away to freedom. I observed to-day how common it was to see men wearing overcoats and women wearing furs in the summer time.

After we got back to the Cecil, Pa went out in a hansom on a business call and met with a severe accident. The horse slipped and fell, breaking the shafts and throwing Papa forward with great force against his knees, the hansom top striking him upon the head at the same time. He was badly shaken up and considerably bruised. He required the atten-

tion of a doctor. We have just got through packing and leave for Paris in the morning, in spite of the fact that Papa is pretty badly hurt.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS,

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1906.

AT 9 A.M. sharp, the Southeastern and Chatham Express left Charing Cross station for Dover — we were on it. The ride was the most beautiful I have ever taken on a train. We passed down through the “Garden of England,” which is the popular name for the Shire of Kent. The farms and orchards were splendidly kept and the little towns looked very pretty. We arrived at Dover at 10.45, and on the way passed through nine long tunnels. The train fetched up on the Admiralty Pier. The steamer did not leave until 11.25, and I put in the time taking pictures. This is the pier Pete started from when he swam across the English channel in July, 1906. It must have been a tough trip for him — he was in the water 15 hours and 10 minutes.

The trip across the channel was an exceptional one, for it was smooth and consequently

pleasant. Arrived at Calais, France, at 12.40, and at 1.15 left on the North of France Special for Paris. We had lunch on the train. The ride to Paris was not as enjoyable as we expected — the country was not very attractive looking, there being much low land and swampy fields. It was 4.45 when we arrived in the French capital. Baggage inspected, we took a cab to the Continental.

My first impression was the lack of hansoms and the great number of victorias, the handsome buildings and broad avenues, and the sidewalk cafés. We didn't like our rooms at the Continental and so we went up to the Elysée Palace Hotel on the Champs Elysée near the Arc de Triomphe. We will move in there to-morrow.

After dinner, Cab and I drove over to the Hotel Dijon on the Rue Caumartin, where the teachers are stopping. They were not at home when we arrived, so we left our cards and walked over to the Olympia Theater. Papa met an interpreter there whom he had known when he was over here three years ago. During the intermission we walked all over the theater, and it was very different from anything I had ever seen before. Half of the

orchestra was a promenade and was filled with small drinking-tables. There were a lot of women there who are called the "demi-monde," whatever that means.

Then we went down into the Olympia Tavern, the largest café in Paris and which has the longest bar in Europe. It is closed all day, but opened from six at night until six o'clock in the morning. It is the resort of carousing men and women. Then we visited the American Café and the Café de Paris, both on the same order as the Olympia. We got back to our hotel about midnight. Before our courier left, Papa made arrangements with him to show Cab and me around the city, starting in Monday morning at nine.

On turning into my bed to-night after seeing for the first time some of the sights of Paris, there comes over me a feeling of gladness that I am an American.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS,

SUNDAY, JULY 22, 1906.

WE slept until 11.30 this morning. After breakfast we drove to the Eiffel Tower, the highest structure in the world. It is 1000 feet high, made of steel, and three different elevators are used in getting to the top. The first makes two stops, the first stop being 100 feet from the ground. There is a theater, restaurant, and bar there. At the second stop I got some fine bird's-eye views of Paris with my camera. From the top the view over Paris was grand. The people on the streets looked like ants. From the tower we drove over Alexandre's bridge, a magnificent structure, and around the city for an hour. Then we had dinner and drove over to the Hotel Dijon and found the teachers. Dr. Clara Fitzgerald, of Worcester, Mass., a friend of Miss Sharry's, was visiting her. We were formally made acquainted. The doctor is taking a

post-graduate course at the University of Paris.

Miss Sharry, Dr. Fitzgerald, and Papa went for a drive, and Miss Cass, Miss Rosnosky, Cab, and myself went for a walk, bus ride, boat ride on the Seine, and a walk through the Louvre and the gardens. We also drove through the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde, the largest square in the world, where over thirty-seven thousand people were guillotined during the French Revolution, up through the Champs Elysée around the Arc de Triomphe. It was midnight when we got back to our hotel.

ELYSÉE PALACE HOTEL, PARIS,

MONDAY, JULY 23, 1906.

WE moved in here early this morning, and found our courier Romeli waiting for us. Pa stayed at the hotel while Cab and I went out to see Paris. We first visited the Place Vendôme, and saw the column with a statue of Napoleon on top. The column is made of melted guns captured in the Napoleonic wars. Then we visited the Bastille Column, erected in memory of the Revolution, through the Rue de Rivoli to the City Hall, Palace of Justice, Hotel Dieu, police courts, fire headquarters, Cluny Museum, St. George's statue, Montmartre, and the Latin quarter, where we had lunch.

Then we drove to the tomb of Napoleon. Before entering the Hotel des Invalides, where the tomb of "the little Corporal" is, I bought some postals and a souvenir bust of Napoleon. The tomb is a wonderful thing to see and it is

odd in many respects. We all bowed when looking upon it, for it sets down deep in a sort of amphitheater. In the building are also the tombs of his brother, General Duraut, Duroc, King Gerome, and his wife. The altar where the burial service took place is very pretty and the chapel is full of captured flags which hang from the balconies. Next we visited the church of the Madelaine, Nôtre Dame and the Morgue. In the charnel house were the bodies of three men, an old woman, and a young girl awaiting identification.

It didn't take us long to see enough of the morgue. Then we went down by the many department buildings, the Automobile Club, St. Augustine's Church, and to Cleopatra's Needle, which stands in the center of the Place de la Concorde. The Granin Museum of Wax-Works was next visited. Then we drove by the residence of Major Dreyfus and out to Pre Catalin, where the society people of Paris go for their afternoon teas. We got a good idea of the swell tea gardens and came back to the hotel.

With the courier, Cab and I had dinner at the Olympia Tavern and then drove to the Moulin Rouge and saw a good vaudeville

show. After the show we visited a café called "Heaven." When we came out it was raining and we got drenched in going to the "Café of the Dead." It is a gruesome affair. Drinks are served on the tops of coffins and the walls are covered with human skeletons, bones, and queer pictures. In the anterooms we saw some queer illusions. It was almost 2 A.M. when we got back to the Elysée Palace Hotel. It was some time before I could get to sleep, however, on account of the sights I had seen.

ELYSÉE PALACE HOTEL, PARIS,

TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1906.

WE left the hotel at 10 A.M. with the courier, for a day at Versailles. Papa was in bed when we left; his knees are giving him a great deal of trouble. The train left at 11.20, and after a very pretty ride of forty-five minutes we arrived in Versailles. We drove to the Petit Trianon where Queen Marie Antoinette lived, and went all through the palace and stables and saw the royal carriages, sleighs, and harnesses.

When looking at Napoleon's carriage we met the teachers. The carriage is the same one the present Czar of Russia rode in when he drove through Paris some years ago. In the Grand Trianon we visited the apartments of King Louis XIV, the apartments of Napoleon I, his billiard room and the apartments especially fitted up for the late Queen Victoria of England, but she never saw them.

Lunched at the Napoleon Café, and then visited the Royal Palace and Gardens and saw all the beautiful fountains, which are used only on the first Sundays of the summer months. In the picture gallery in the palace were beautiful paintings by Gernex, Le Baron, Gerard, Vernet, and others. These gardens and the Royal Palace were designed and built under Louis XIV. Leaving Versailles at five, we reached Paris at six o'clock. We had dinner at the hotel, and stayed in to-night, as we were tired out.

ELYSÉE PALACE HOTEL, PARIS,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1906.

WE finished up with our courier Romeli to-day. This morning he took Cab and me to the Louvre, the greatest picture gallery in the world—it was built by the great Napoleon. It is surrounded by beautiful avenues, lanes, fountains, and statues. The Louvre has some fine Roman sculptuary and vases, the original Venus de Milo, statues of Mercury, Mars, Romulus, Remus, Venus, Horatius, and of famous Greek and Roman mythological people. In the picture galleries are paintings by Rubens, Van Dyck, Snyder, Jordaens, Champaigne, Rembrandt, Murillo, Panini, Lethiere, Millet, Vernet, David Canture, Turner, Gras, Lebrun, Valentine, Raphael and others.

From the Louvre we journeyed to the Palace of the Senate and the Church of the Pantheon, and then had lunch. Then we walked along

the St. Germain Boulevard and St. Michael to Cluny Museum, the oldest in Paris. The building was built for a palace in the year 1000. It is full of relics of battles.

The oldest church in Paris, the Church of the Holy Louis, was visited, and we saw the finest stained glass windows in Europe. We passed the Chatelet Theater and Sarah Bernhardt's theater, which are on the banks of the Seine and opposite each other — they are the largest theaters in Paris — and through the market, the Du Louvre, the largest department store in Europe, and then up the Champs Elysée to our hotel.

After dinner we drove to the Hotel Dijon and met Walter and Pete, who were calling on the teachers. Miss Cass and I went out for a drive, leaving Pete, Walter, and Cab to entertain the girls. The teachers leave for Geneva, Switzerland, in the morning, and thence to Lucerne, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and back to God's country.

ELYSÉE PALACE HOTEL, PARIS,

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1906.

READ the morning New York *Herald* Paris edition, and found lengthy notice about ourselves and Pete and Walter. I put in part of the morning riding and in taking snap-shots; with Pete and Walter in the afternoon, also Dr. Fitzgerald and a Hollandaise nurse, Mlle. Emile Gayras. The doctor and nurse accompanied Papa to the hospital to have his injured knees examined, and Pete, Walter, Cab, and I took a drive to the Eiffel Tower and Ferris Wheel. The ride in the Ferris Wheel was just simply great.

We had dinner at a sidewalk café near the Palace de Machines. Returned to the hotel. Papa, being unable to proceed further on account of his illness, has made a proposition to Pete to take us along with him on his swimming tour, which will embrace Switzerland, Italy, Island of Corfu, Greece and Turkey,

returning overland through Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Hungary, Austria, Germany, Holland, and back to London. Papa is obliged to remain in Paris while his knees are healing and he wants us to enjoy ourselves.

We like Pete and his friend Walter and hope they will agree to take us along, for we will then visit Lucerne, Switzerland, Como, Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, Brindisi in Italy, the Island of Corfu, Patras and Athens in Greece, and Constantinople in Turkey. Pa and Pete will settle the matter to-morrow. The weekly "Students' Ball" was held to-night at Montmartre — we wanted to attend but Pa said "Nay." The public schools of Paris close this week for the annual six weeks' vacation.

ELYSÉE PALACE HOTEL, PARIS,

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1906.

I VISITED the Western Union Cable Office on an errand for Pa this morning, wrote letters and read. After lunch Pete and Walter called and the final arrangements were made for Cab and myself to make the swimming trip with them. Just as soon as Pa agreed to let us go, Pete, Cab, and I went to Cook's office on the Avenue de l'Opera and bought our tickets through to Constantinople, and I went to the Eastman Kodak office in the Place Vendôme and bought twenty films of twelve exposures each to take along.

After dinner we all went to the Jardin de Paris and saw a good vaudeville show. During the intermission there was a special exhibition of can-can dancing and other French dances near the bandstand. A "French quadrille" seemed to be the most popular of the dances. These dancers would be arrested if

they were in America. We saw all there was to be seen at the Jardin de Paris, and more than we had expected to see.

When we got back to the hotel Pete wrote a letter to a Boston newspaper, while Walter related the story of his life to Pa, Cab, and me in the next room. Walter has had many experiences and adventures. He was born in Winchester, England, and when a little boy ran away from home and joined the navy. He was in five shipwrecks, saw real war, traveled all over the world as a sailor, and came to America when he was eighteen years old. He has been an actor, a hotel detective and a courier. He played at the Castle Square Theater in Boston at one time.

HOTEL METROPOLE, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND,

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906.

PETE, Walter, Cab and I waved good-by to Pa as we left the Eastern Station in Paris at 8.45 this morning. The ride through France was beautiful — the farms were pictures. We went through Alsace and Lorraine, and when we crossed the German border the customs officers came on board the train and examined our baggage.

The houses along the line all had red roofs and were very pretty. At Altkirch we saw a lock canal and a boat going up it. Bale was the first place of any size we stopped at. We stopped at Mulhouse, too, for a few moments and then went direct to Lucerne. On this stretch there were thirteen cars on the train and two engines. We traveled through the mountains and villages at a fast rate.

The scenery in Switzerland is the most charming I have ever seen. The mountains

are high and very beautiful. They are covered with trees, with a few houses on the tops of some of them, gardens along the bottom, villages in the valleys and rivers, lakes, or canals between the larger mountains. We passed a great many, the tops of which were above the clouds. At Alton we saw the River Rhine for the first time. I could jump across it, it was so narrow. We were close to its source. Alton is a manufacturing city and railroad center. The train made a circuit of the city.

Before reaching Lucerne we followed along by a big lake for a few miles. We arrived at Lucerne at 8.20, after riding over eleven hours. We were very tired, but as soon as we got something to eat we went out to see the city. Schumann's big circus, the biggest in Europe, was playing there, and we went in to see it. It has about 200 horses and 100 people. It was a laugh to Pete, who has been the press agent for the Barnum & Bailey, Forepaugh and Sells circuses and other big shows.

We walked for several miles around Lake Geneva. It is simply beautiful. The mountains are grand and the people are fine. I'd like to live here for the summer anyhow. I think it might be lonesome in the winter. We

leave in the morning for Italy, and in the afternoon Pete will swim Lake Como.

I hate to leave Lucerne. The hotels are fine, there are nice steamboats, electric cars, cabs, and modern improvements are more common than in London and Paris. The police, soldiers and bellboys all look better, dress better, and are better. The Swiss trains are fine, the compartments being large, bright, airy, and comfortable. Switzerland is all to the good.

HOTEL CAMPIDOGLIO, ROME, ITALY,

MONDAY, JULY 30, 1906.

WITH regrets we left Lucerne at 9.45 yesterday morning. I hope to visit it again, however. Before eleven o'clock we saw snow-capped mountains with the clouds hanging all around them. When we got to Ertsfeld the sun was high up and the clouds had risen higher up above the mountain-tops, making a beautiful day for sightseeing. The scenery was superb. The valleys, rivers, waterfalls, rapids among those stately mountains made beautiful bits and the quaint little houses added to it all. Every window on the train was occupied by two heads looking at the scenery. There would have been four if there had been room for them.

At Galonen we made a twenty minutes' stop and everybody bought some lunch. At Airolos we lingered for a few minutes, shifted some cars and took on another engine before enter-

ing the great St. Gothard Tunnel. We were from 12.57 until 1.10 passing through the big hole in the mountain, and when we came out of it we were thousands of feet up in the air and traveling at high speed. We were actually up in the clouds. At Bellingana the mountains were very high, but had no snow on them and few trees. Here we began to see the vineyards and a change of temperature was noticeable for we were now in Italy. At Chiasso we had our baggage examined — it was the first stop in Italy.

We arrived at Como at 4.35, checked our baggage at the station and walked down into the town, which is beautifully situated on the borders of the lake. We boarded a steamer, sailed up to Menaggio and Pete started from there on a six-mile swim to Bellano, which he covered in a little over three hours. It was almost dark when he finished. Cab and I swam a few hundred yards with him. It was cold, for the waters came from the glaciers melting on the mountains. Pete beat Byron's record on the swim by over a mile.

We got back to Como in time to catch the 9.30 train for Milan, Florence, and Rome. We had lunch at the Hotel Metropole before

boarding the train. There is an inclined railway running up the mountain side at Como, and up on the top there is a large hotel. The trees and stone walls in Como are covered with lizards, and we saw white ants there an inch long. The night was fearfully hot and the ride to Milan was a tough one. A young lieutenant of the Italian cavalry occupied the compartment with us and was a jolly good fellow. He could talk English and he sang several songs and told stories. He was twenty-one years old and splendidly educated. He could talk five languages. He wore a very pretty uniform — a green jacket trimmed with black, gray trousers, leggings and green cap. He carried his saber and revolver.

We arrived at Milan at 10.40. The train there was made up to fourteen cars and three engines. There were eight in our compartment and it was tough trying to get to sleep comfortably in that little space. But we got there just the same, for we were so tired we could sleep on a clothesline. Pete slept with one eye open, for he felt the responsibility he had in having Cab and myself with him. When we woke up it was broad daylight and we were making fast time towards Rome.

When I looked out of the window the mountains and beautiful valleys were not to be seen, yet the view was beautiful. I took about twenty little naps during the morning. It was terrifically hot and we were covered with coal dust. We were grimy, to say the least.

We reached the "Eternal City" at 1.30 P.M., a half hour late. We were driven to the Hotel Campidoglio on the Corso Umberto — splendidly located, right in the very heart of the city and only a few minutes from the interesting points. It was never hotter in the jungles of equatorial Africa than it is here. Gee, but it's awful! After the sun slid down the western sky towards the horizon we went out for a walk, visited Cook's office and the post-office. Pete got a letter at the post-office and Walter got one at Cook's office. We got back to the hotel and enjoyed a fine Italian supper.

Supper over, we addressed a few postals, had a bath and went to bed. I think I was asleep before I got into bed. Pete and Walter went out to call on some newspaper men and make arrangements for the Tiber swim.

Rome is a very busy town from five to nine in the evening — everybody seems to be out

on the streets during these hours enjoying the cool of the evening. Victorias are cheap in Rome, but automobiles are as scarce as hen's teeth.

HOTEL CAMPIDOGLIO, ROME, ITALY,

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1906.

WE had a fine night's rest and were ready to go sightseeing at eight o'clock. We visited Cook's first for mail and roamed around until the intense heat became dangerous, then we went back to the hotel. It's wonderful how cool the interiors of the buildings are. This is because there is a courtyard in all of them and a fountain in every courtyard. The curtains and blinds are kept drawn all day to shut out the heat, and at night are all wide open to let in the cool air.

After lunch we wrote letters and took a siesta. About four o'clock it grew cooler and we had another sightseeing stroll. There were four students from the University of Tennessee stopping at the hotel, and after dinner we went with them to the old Coliseum. It was dark before we got there, but the moon was shining brilliantly from a clear sky, and we saw the

grand old ruin just as I had seen it pictured in magazines. Once I saw a painting just like it. Every part of it was pointed out to us. We got up into Nero's box and looked down into the amphitheater, where so many thousands of Christians had been slaughtered.

It was weird there, and as we listened to Pete's thrilling description of the scenes that took place there we felt nervous — he had us all worked up. He pointed out the moon and said it was the same old moon which shone down upon the martyrs and which inspired them to die heroically. The gallery of the vestal virgins, the pits for the wild animals, the prisons of the victims, were all interesting — fearfully so. What bloodthirsty wretches Nero and his nobles must have been! What a terrible arena that was! It is infested now with blood-red bugs, ants, fleas, and big lizards. It is a wonderful piece of architecture and the seating capacity must have been enormous. Pete stepped the distance off between the walls and figured it out that the Coliseum would seat about seventy-five thousand people.

While we were at the Coliseum a number of Americans — there must have been forty — came into the ruins. They belonged to the

Travelers' Club of New York. When Pete saw them coming in through one of the arches, he started up a regular circus "bally-hoo" and woke up the echoes of the ruins with "Right this way to the big show — the performance is about to commence!" The visitors bolted for us on the dead run when they heard that good United States English, and we had a pleasant chat with them. A fellow from East Boston in the party knew Pete. Everywhere we go he meets somebody whom he knows or who knows him.

From the Coliseum we went to the Piazza Colonna and listened to a concert by a military band of fifty-five pieces. From what I have seen of Rome I think it is a clean city, has plenty of hotels, and a fine place to visit except in the summer. The soldiers, police, and people look good, to me — there are plenty of electric lights, tropical trees, plants, etc., and there is also an abundance of mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, and insects.

HOTEL CAMPIDOGLIO, ROME, ITALY,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1906.

WE were up at six o'clock this morning, and after breakfast we left the hotel in company with Pietro Gracia, the manager of the Hotel Campidoglio, and boarding an electric rode to the Canottieri aniene, the Royal Boat Club of Italy. King Vittorio Emanuel is an active member. The president of the club is the Marquis Calabrini. The club-house is on the Arno, the upper Tiber. Pete stripped in the club-house and donned his swimming togs, and, after the whole party was photographed, we got into a punt and were rowed down the river about two miles, passing under several bridges. At one point, in the bend of the river, we got a magnificent view of St. Peter's and the round tower of Castle St. Angelo. We passed ruined castles, monasteries, convents, etc., which have been standing for centuries, and whose walls are moss-grown. Moving

down the stream we passed under Margherita, Canone, Umberto, Vittorie Emanuelle, Giani-Coleuse, Ponta Vitto, Garibaldi, the Fabricius, Teattre Cipi, the Punta Lublicia and Palatini bridges.

Down by the Ponta Rotta, the ruins of the Lublicia, where Horatius defended the bridge, and opposite the Maxima Chaca Massina — this sounds pretty but it is a great big sewer — Pete plunged in and swam across to the opposite shore and back again. Then he went down stream to where Cæsar and Byron swam, and went across there and back and then continued down the river about two miles. He swam like a fish, and the thousands on the bridges cut loose in cheers and applause. They couldn't understand how he could swim with his head under water — he swam the side-stroke. Pete knew why after the swim. The Tiber is the dirtiest stream that flows. Pete was almost poisoned from it. It's a great big sewer. The current is very swift, running about eight or nine miles an hour. The water is a sickly gray color. Pete made Cæsar, Horatius, and Byron look like thirtycents — he swam the whole business, all the courses combined and doubled, in

the time it took one of them to swim one way.

There was an interesting incident, "not down on the program," as Pa would say, just as we were ready for the swim. The Palatini bridge was crowded with people, when all of a sudden a big cry went up and, looking round, we saw the body of a young man shooting into the waters — he had jumped from the bridge, a height of at least eighty feet. He was crazed from heat and too much liquor. A Roman boatman named Pietro Speidotti leaped from his punt to the rescue and caught the drowning lad. Both were swept down the stream. Pete swam to his assistance, but Speidotti had reached a low stone wall before Pete got to him. Walter Critchell, Cab, and I jumped into Speidotti's punt and pulled over to them. It was exciting for a few moments. The young man who attempted suicide was turned over to the police and there were cheers for everybody. Somebody said "it was a great demonstration."

After the swim we went back to the hotel where Pete took a bath in sulpho-naphthol — I guess he needed it. After lunch we went over to the Coliseum to see it in daylight and

get some pictures. Late in the afternoon we went down with Pietro Gracia to the boat-club and saw the Italian champion oarsman Brenalti in his shell — he did some special rowing for us — and also the champion eight-oared crew. We met the members, were entertained, and I made a number of photos. One room in the club-house is filled with trophies won by club members. In the evening we went to a band concert by Italy's best band, and visited the newspaper offices.

HOTEL METROPOLE, NAPLES,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1906.

OUR last day in Rome we were up with the sun and out for the sights. We drove over to St. Peter's and the Vatican. I can't begin to write what I would like to about St. Peter's — there is nothing in the world so grand and beautiful and costly. I thought St. Paul's in London was "It," but it isn't in it for a minute — it's like a lead nickel 'long-side of a twenty-dollar gold piece. It would take a week to see it properly.

And the Vatican, Gee! there's no end to it. There are miles and miles of corridors — it is the largest building in the world. The Pope lives there and has magnificent gardens. In one corner of it there is a museum of ten thousand statues and most magnificent paintings. While in St. Peter's we were present at a mass in one of the chapels and heard the world-famous male sanctuary choir sing. It

was great. There were about forty cardinals and archbishops at the mass. It was an impressive service. We went back into the Vatican, having met the three Heldmeyer sisters from Cleveland, with whom we became acquainted on the train coming from Switzerland, and while we were in there we met a priest, who was staying at our hotel, and Pete fixed it up with him so that we had the honor of meeting the Pope.

We were ushered into the presence of the Holy Father in a private chapel in the Vatican. There were nineteen persons at the reception. The Pope looked well, but was very pale. He wore robes of spotless white, and with his snow-white hair and pale face he looked like a spirit. I never felt so solemn in my life. From the Vatican we made a brief visit to the Catacombs and then went back to the hotel for lunch. In the afternoon we went to Cook's office and I got a letter from Papa, in which he said he had improved greatly — it was good news to us for we were fretting about him.

At seven o'clock we left Rome for Naples. We were accompanied by the four students from Tennessee and had a compartment in the train to ourselves. Pete was going to lick a

grafter at the station in Rome who wanted a franc because he opened the door in the railway carriage — he wasn't asked to do it. He was an impudent guy and thought he could brow-beat us because he had three or four others with him, but it didn't go for a cent and he was lucky that he didn't get licked good and plenty.

It was a hot ride of five hours to Naples. We arrived at midnight. We hired three victorias to take us to the hotel, which is a drive of about three miles, and the teams raced all the way, making great sport for us. We got a general idea of Naples and the beautiful bay on the ride, for the moon was shining brilliantly. Vesuvius was steaming up too, which to us was the greatest thing that ever happened. When we got to the hotel we learned that fifty-six people left it the day before, fearful of the eruption of the burning mountain.

It was a terribly hot night, and, as the beach was within fifty yards of the hotel, we all had a dip in the Bay of Naples by moonlight at 2 A.M., with Vesuvius burning quite brightly across the waters. That's going some.

HOTEL METROPOLE, NAPLES,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1906.

AFTER several hours' struggle to get sleep, and tired from battling with mosquitoes and fleas, we got up about seven o'clock and made preparations for our trip to Brindisi on the east coast of Italy. We went out and saw something of Naples. We were not favorably impressed. The air wasn't good and it was awfully hot. There are beggars everywhere. The only thing I like about Naples is the bay—it is beautiful and the waters are not like the Tiber. I will be glad when we board the train for Brindisi. Vesuvius is steaming up pretty lively. Will write a letter home and one to Pa and call my visit here at an end.

HOTEL INTERNATIONALE, BRINDISI, ITALY,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1906.

GOT away from Naples and its beggars and its hotel grafters at noon, thank heavens! Our train passed Vesuvius near enough to get a good look at it. It's great, and a new one on me. We passed through very rich farming country for over one hundred miles out of Naples. The trip was hot, but not as dirty as other runs we made in Italy. Late in the afternoon we reached the eastern coast and the air became clear and cool and the scenery improved. Here we got our first glimpse of the Adriatic Sea. The houses were very attractive, most of them having flat roofs and gardens on top where the people sit at night and enjoy the cool air.

We arrived in Brindisi about ten o'clock and after a drive of about a mile we got to our hotel, which is situated on the water front. The city is much cleaner than Naples. We

found the steamer we are to sail on for Patras, Greece, right in front of our hotel. The harbor is small but rather pretty. We had a stroll about the city and to the flower market, and even though it was late there were many people about, and at every other house somebody was playing some kind of a musical instrument. We expect an interesting night on account of fleas and mosquitoes which flourish here. We have been assigned to the same rooms in our hotel which were occupied in 1896 by Tom Burke, Jimmy Connolly, and other Boston athletes who won the championships at the Olympic, and by those who represented America at the games at Athens this year.

HOTEL INTERNATIONALE, BRINDISI, ITALY,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1906.

A TERRIBLE night — fleas, mosquitoes, roosters crowing, monastery bells ringing, intense heat, etc., and then the beastly European breakfast of coffee and tough biscuit. We went to Cook's and the post-office, and then stowed away in the shady writing-room and wrote letters and addressed post-cards to our American friends. There is a pet monkey at the hotel and we had some fun playing with him. I photographed Walter while he was feeding the monk.

After lunch Pete engaged an old boatman named Guadalupo to take us out for a sail and a swim. We went out by the entrance to the harbor and had an enjoyable dip in the Adriatic Sea. Pete did a lot of tricks and fancy swimming for us. The water was immense — it was warm but was very much more salty than it is in Boston Harbor. They

told us there were sharks and devil-fish about there, but we didn't see any of them and we were not disappointed either.

We got back about seven o'clock, had a good supper and sat out in front of the hotel and talked with Manager Bianchi. Bianchi's brother-in-law manages the New Lexington Hotel in Boston — his name is Murochi — and when Bianchi found that Pete knew him he more than warmed up to us. We turned in about midnight to take another chance with the insects.

HOTEL INTERNATIONALE, BRINDISI, ITALY,

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1906.

AS there was nothing of special interest in this jumping-off place — it is simply a calling port for steamships bound east and west — we stayed about the hotel all day. During the afternoon we went aboard the Italian steamship *Pelora* to look over our state-rooms — we sail on it at midnight. She is a splendid vessel. We met several people who are to be passengers with us, among them a young Greek from New York City who conducts a linen store at 210 West Twenty-first Street.

We sail at midnight. The moon is shining from a clear sky, and although the night is awfully hot we are consoled with the thought that the mosquitoes and fleas will not be with us. I begin to feel like we are ten thousand miles from home and that I've been away two or three years.

ON BOARD THE ITALIAN S.S. *PELORA*,

MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1906.

A FEW minutes before twelve last night the *Pelora* warped out from the quay and passed out by the ancient Castle of Barbarossa into the calm waters of the Adriatic Sea. There was a restfulness about it that I can't explain. We were free from the pests on shore. There wasn't a breath of wind nor a ripple on the waters.

We left Boston a month ago to-day, but it seems two or three years — it's impossible to figure out how we have covered so much of the world and are so far away from home at this time. We sat up on deck until two this morning and then turned in. We have a big four-berth stateroom, but it's tough trying to sleep in it on account of the heat. Pete tried it for an hour and then took the deck for his. Walter, Cab, and I took a Turkish bath in our berths.

It is needless to say we were up early — the

sun was just rising up over Albania when we got on deck. During the night we had crossed the Straits of Otranto. I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, got a corner away up in the bow, and lodged myself there to view the panorama of scenery. We were headed for the Island of Corfu, a Greek possession which was ceded to them by England. We passed along the Albanian shore for at least one hundred miles and into the Straits of Corfu. There was not a habitation of any kind in Albania — it is a mountainous, rock-bound coast.

I found several Americans on board and some other passengers who could talk a little English. We got next to them quick and soon we were all engaged in conversation with them. The English language sounds mighty fine in this part of the world. Two men and a lady were from Warsaw, Wisconsin — one was superintendent of schools and another was professor of languages in the High School there. They knew some people in Boston that we know.

We reached the town of Corfu about ten o'clock and anchored in its snug little harbor. Instantly there were one hundred rowboats around us ready to take passengers to the

island, and a number of pedlers came aboard with souvenirs and fruits to sell. We were anchored for six hours.

Being permitted to go ashore, we engaged a boat and were rowed up to a wharf. There we hired a team and had a two hours' drive over the beautiful island, and a sucking pig dinner to which we all did ample justice. And we had butter made from goat's milk — it looked like lard, but it was butter all right. The heat was frightful and we went in swimming in the cove where St. Paul was once shipwrecked. The sea kicked up pretty lively by the time we got ready to return to the steamer, and we had an exciting time getting on board. The boat danced merrily and it was a bit desperate to make the gangway, but we made it all right, all right.

At four o'clock the anchor was weighed and we moved down the coast through the Straits of Manso. At 5.30 we had a splendid dinner which was served on deck — it was a delightful novelty. We passed Sappho Point, where the goddess leaped into the sea, and the Island of Cephalonia. The scenery is very charming and the passengers very companionable. We will sleep on deck to-night, for the heat is fierce.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE, ATHENS, GREECE,

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1906.

AT five this morning, we disembarked at Patras, Greece, had breakfast at a hotel, and boarded a train for Athens. At seven o'clock our train pulled out for an eight hour journey to Athens. That ride through the rich vineyards of Greece and along the Adriatic Sea is worth coming from America, even in hot weather, to take. The Greeks have impressed us as being a fine people — they have been very courteous and hospitable.

We passed over the great ship canal at Corinth, one of the wonders of the world. It unites the waters of the Adriatic and Ægean Seas. It is cut through a solid stone mountain, several miles long, and is 75 feet wide at the water, its walls towering 2000 feet high. We passed over it on a suspension bridge and into the great plain of Attica, up to the white city of Athens. The train

did some great mountain climbing along here.

As we neared Athens, the view from the train was beautiful. There was the Acropolis, the Hill of Mars, where St. Paul preached, and the mount where Demosthenes first attracted attention as an orator. We arrived at Athens a little before five o'clock. When we got off the train the first thing we heard was — "This way, gentlemen, to the New York Hotel" — they were on to us as Americans from the start. The Hotel St. George had been recommended, so we got a carriage and drove up there. After dinner we walked down to Constitution Square, in front of the Royal Palace, and listened to a band concert.

We had a chance to get a line on the Greek manners and customs and dress. The uniforms of the Greek soldiers made a hit with me. It is a sort of ballet girl costume. The skirt, which is white, comes nearly to the knees, and plenty of under skirts are worn which show as they walk. The legs are encased in light-colored tights — there is a garter at each knee and the shoes are fancy and turned up at the toes, upon which are black rosettes. A kind of toga is worn on the shoulders, and on

the head a red cap with a black tassel. They certainly look ludicrous to me. If they appeared at the Columbia in Boston on Friday night they would get the hook good and plenty.

Constitution Square was thronged with people sitting around little tables taking liquid refreshment. The cafés were all doing a big business and the sidewalks in front of them were crowded with people, who also sat at tables taking refreshments. There was music everywhere. Athens is a gay city but not like Paris. When the concert was over, which is usually about nine o'clock, the people all went to their homes. I saw several priests of the Greek Catholic Church. They wear their hair long, some reaching to the waist, tied with a string just at the back of the neck, and are robed in black gowns. The first one I saw was a young man smooth-faced, and I was sure he was a woman. The horse-cars are queer looking and are drawn by two and three horses. The victorias have two horses, and fruit is peddled from baskets on the backs of burros, one hanging on each side. Sometimes there are as many as six baskets on one burro. There are no cows in Greece, but there are millions of

goats which supply milk. Horses are few and mostly Albanians, which are as small as our ponies, but are very strong and tough.

Our rooms at the St. George overlook the Palace of the Chamber of Deputies, which is the same as our Congress in the United States, and we have a good view of the Acropolis in the moonlight. I hope to sleep well to-night, although there are plenty of mosquitoes and fleas here.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE, ATHENS, GREECE,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1906.

INSECT life was busy with us last night, so we were up early this morning. Pete and Walter look as if they had the measles — the bugs have been feeding on them for fair, but Cab and I have been playing in luck. After breakfast we hired a carriage for three hours and started out to see Athens. The post-office and Cook's were visited and we picked up some very welcome mail.

The Acropolis is the big thing in Athens, so we headed there, driving through the Old Bazaar on the way. We hired a guide and went all over the historic ruins and through the museum. I took over sixty snap-shots of interesting things. We visited the Temple of Jupiter, the Parthenon, sat in the chair of Dionysius in the Temple of Bacchus, went into the prison of Socrates, the ruins of the first medical school in the world, founded by

Æsculapius, and into the amphitheater, after which all the amphitheaters in the medical colleges of the world are copied; drank water from a sacred spring in a rocky grotto where bulls were slaughtered in the old times for the great feasts, and ascending to the very summit viewed for miles the surrounding country so full of historic interest.

Pete paralyzed us by telling the guide some things from history which he didn't know about the old ruins and about the people who lived in Athens in ancient times. We bought some souvenirs and then went over on the Hill of Mars and to the Forum of Demosthenes. Then we went up to the American Embassy, and Cab and I had passports made out so that we could get in and out of Turkey all right. We drove by the Royal Palace, House of Parliament and other important buildings. The ride was a hot one. We are told that yesterday and to-day were the hottest known in Athens in years, and we believe it.

After lunch we strolled along the banks of the river Illyssus. You would never know it was a river, for there was no water in it and heavy carts were being driven along its bed. They do say that it is a raging torrent in our winter

season. We went through the Royal Gardens out to the Arch of Hadrian, and to the Stadium, where our American Athletes put the kibosh on the rest of the world. After dinner we went up on a high hill and looked over Athens at night, with the moonlight shining brightly—it was a great picture. We saw the first clouds since leaving the Alps almost two weeks ago.

While I am writing my diary of to-day the mosquitoes are singing merrily around me and, judging from the noises coming from the next room, Pete and Walter are busier than they care to be—I'm sure they would prefer canary birds for their music. Poor old Athens! Ruins everywhere. Crumbling monuments of past greatness!

HOTEL ST. GEORGE, ATHENS, GREECE,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906.

WE took a long walk in the cool of this morning before breakfast, after which we drove out to Keratopyrgos, a peninsula which stretches out into the Straits of Salamis and overlooks the scene of the Battle of Salamis, in which six hundred Persian warships were destroyed by three hundred Greek warships. We all got into our swimming togs and were soon splashing around in the Ægean Sea. It wasn't any different from the Adriatic Sea or Boston Harbor, but it was the Ægean Sea.

It was a treat. The day was frightfully hot and the water was bully. The Island of Salamis was about a mile away, although it didn't look to be half that distance. Pete started away, swam across and around the island and back, making about four miles in all. Cab and I were in the water over three hours while Pete was making the swim. When

Pete got over to the island Walter got nervous and went up to "Xerxes Throne," at the top of a promontory, to watch Pete. While he was up there a native told him that the waters were full of sharks and devil fish, and it didn't make him feel any easier. He ordered Cab and myself to dress, but we didn't. When Pete was coming back, Cab and I swam out about 200 yards to meet him and raced him home. We beat him because he let us.

After lunch we took a nap, for we were tired. About five o'clock we strolled down to Constitution Square, visited Cook's and got a letter from Papa. While there we met four Mormon missionaries, one of whom was a passenger on the *Arabic* with us coming from America. We also met a friend from Germany, who sailed with us from Brindisi to Patras, and a Greek who has a candy store on Fifty-sixth Street, New York City. S. Avagyros, who originated the Egyptian Deity cigarettes and who made a fortune in America, sat near us while we were having an ice at one of the little tables.

After dinner we drove out to the home of Sophocles, the famous Greek writer. Pete and Walter are again battling in the next room

with the fleas and mosquitoes, and Cab, who could sleep on a clothesline, is breathing in sleep like a hippopotamus. The bugs don't bother him any.

ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN STEAMSHIP *EMPEROR*
NICHOLAS II,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1906.

GRIPS were packed early this morning and after breakfast we got into a victoria and drove over to Piræus, the ancient port of Athens, where we boarded this steamer. It was a drive of almost three hours. We passed through the poorer section of Athens and, let me say, the poor people in America live like kings compared to the poor people in the European countries. We saw many mud houses. The people live chiefly on bread, fruit, and wine. At Piræus we were rowed out to our steamer. We had been told that the Russian steamer would be dirty and that the food would be bad, but it was just the opposite — it was simply great every way.

The sail to-day has been most beautiful. We passed many islands and steamers and, with pleasant passengers, the time passed quickly

and pleasantly. A couple of young Russian students, who speak good English, have become our friends, and they told us much of life in Russia, of the strife and the trouble there. They live in Odessa and are on the way home from London, where they have been spending a couple of months with relatives. They told us that the Russian schools have been closed since the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war. We eat about every two hours on this ship, and have got acquainted with Russian tea with lemon in it and Turkish coffee, both of which are great. Cab and I will keep Mama and the cook busy when we get home, getting up some of the new tasty things for us.

We played checkers with some of the Russian officers this evening — they are splendid fellows and we sympathize with them that they should be ruled by such a tyrannical government. The sailors are fine looking fellows, too, and quite sociable. Some of them speak English. Russians and Russian steamships are all to the good.

ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN STEAMSHIP *EMPEROR
NICHOLAS II*, IN THE BOSPHORUS,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1906.

WE are nearing Constantinople. About four this morning we got up to be ready for inspection by the Turkish quarantine officers, and a little later we passed in through the famous Dardanelles, or ancient Hellespont. There are miles and miles of fortifications on both sides. Pete pointed out that a little American gun-boat came in through here a few years ago, in defiance of the Turkish authorities, and startled the world. A fleet of the biggest battleships in the world would be at the mercy of the Turks in these waters. Pete is always pointing out something to make us proud that we are Americans, and we have reason to feel so.

We passed up into the Sea of Marmora and then into the Bosphorus, which connects the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea. Con-

stantinople is now in sight. It looks like a beautiful city, built in terraces, and all white with gilded mosques and red flags flying everywhere. It looks like they were celebrating a holiday. I don't know how Constantinople is going to look when we get in the city, but from the harbor it is the finest ever.

I must get my grips up and prepare to disembark. We will be taken off in boats.

ON THE ORIENTAL EXPRESS, BOUND WESTWARD,

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1906.

LANDED in Constantinople yesterday afternoon about 4.30, after a twenty-eight hour sail from Piræus, Greece. After we got by the customs, which are very strict, we hired a boat and Pete swam the Bosphorus from Pera — the Constantinople of to-day, Stamboul is the old city — to Scutari in Asia Minor and back, about six miles. We followed him in a boat and swam the last quarter mile with him. He objected because we passed a number of sharks during the afternoon on our way up the Bosphorus. However, they didn't bother us or I wouldn't be writing about it.

The swim over, we got a victoria and drove to Cook's — it was after hours but Cook's man was waiting for us. He had our tickets ready so we left last night. We saw all of Constantinople in a few hours that we cared to see. It is horribly filthy, the streets are full

of sorry-looking dogs — there are thousands of them and there are millions of pigeons. The dogs and pigeons are held sacred, for the Turks believe in the transmigration of the soul — I've got an idea of what that means and will look into the matter deeper later on. It would go hard with any one to strike or kick one of the dogs. I've heard of the "unspeakable Turk" and "as filthy as a Turk" and now I know what that means.

They are the strongest men in the world, though. I saw men carrying crates and boxes there that would be a load for a horse, and I saw two men walking away with a grand square piano, carrying it between them as easy as two Americans would carry a valise. The streets are narrow, the women wear heavy veils on their faces, and the police carry long staffs which they pound on the street every few minutes to frighten off thieves. That's a funny trick — it would be a cinch for the thieves in America, for they would always know where the cops were. We drove over the worst old bridge in the world on our way to the railroad station and had to pay toll to cross it. It was like running tidlies on the ice when we went over it.

We had to give up two dollars apiece to the Chief of Police of Constantinople before he would indorse our passports so that we could leave the city. The Turks are great grafters, and we had already given up to the Turkish Consul General at Athens to fix this matter. The railroad station is the dirtiest kind of a station — we smelled it before we reached it. It has two smoking-rooms — one for men and the other for women, and both were crowded. I saw women smoking cigarettes, long black cigars and pipes. We were happy when we got aboard the train and knew we were leaving that city behind us. We might have died of a plague if we were there forty-eight hours. We went out of there under military escort and under the closest surveillance, for the Turks are very strict about who goes out of and into their country.

Every few minutes during the night somebody would come into our compartment with a dark lantern and look us over. And every half-hour our passports were examined. Pete stayed awake all night and watched them like a cat would a mouse. He was just as suspicious as they were, for he didn't want any harm to come to Cab and me. The com-

partment was a regular sweat-box and we put in a tough night. Pete and Walter did anyhow, but Cab and I can sleep anywhere in any old way. We were awake early this morning. The line of railroad all along was guarded by soldiers and, as we neared the Turkish-Bulgarian frontier, soldiers were as thick as flies. At every station military officers would come into the car and inspect us.

The usual European breakfast was served us on the train. They are getting monotonous. Our appetites are good in the morning and it's tough to have to be satisfied with a bun as hard as a brick and coffee that ain't any too good.

We passed through Bulgaria, part of Roumania and into Servia to-day, and had to flash our passports at every station. The scenery through the Balkan mountains and along the rivers was beautiful, and the costumes of the people along the railroad line were picturesque. Frequently we bought fruit and bottled mineral waters on the way. We had several wedding parties on the train, picked up at different points, which added to the pleasure of our journey. We passed through Heliopolis and other important places. There were soldiers

everywhere. At one place Pete got off and bought some eggs. They were ancient and had been sick a long time. He took them back and after a good American argument he got some cheese and bologna in place of them. We had a pretty good dinner on the train to-day. There was a Greek in our compartment with us, who was a good fellow, and in the next one were two Englishmen whom we got acquainted with. They had been in Constantinople for several months. They knocked the Turks for fair and told many amusing stories about their manners, habits, and customs.

So glad I am an American!

ON THE ORIENTAL EXPRESS, BOUND WESTWARD,

MONDAY AUGUST 13, 1906.

THE train pulled into Belgrade, Servia, about four o'clock this morning. Pete waked us up to listen to a band which was playing at the station. There was a bridal party there and they were having a delightful time, singing, dancing, drinking, and making merry generally. They had a string band with them and the music was dreamy and all to the good. They had been up all night and were at the station to see the happy couple off on their honeymoon trip. Pete and I got off the train to get something to eat, and we were invited to join in the wedding festivities. Everybody was invited. They were all happy. The whole world was smiling.

Leaving Belgrade we followed along the river Danube for some time and moved through fertile, well cultivated lands over into Hungary. At 12.50 we reached Buda Pesth, a magnifi-

cent city, the picture of thrift and prosperity. We dined there in the railroad station café and had goulash and a fine pudding. Austria is a beautiful country as far as we could see from the train, and the ride up to Vienna was delightful. Arrived at the capital of Austria about six o'clock, where we were obliged to wait until 9.40 for connections to continue on our Westward journey. In the meantime we had a feed in a café, and had a most amusing time making ourselves understood. Walter was stuck on talking the deaf and dumb language and was surprised when they couldn't make him out. Pete usually got there by the aid of pantomime, a few French, a few German, and a few other kind of words. He always knows how to ask for something to eat and drink and can say "Thank you" in all languages which never fails to make a hit. We got a carriage and drove around the city and by the Royal Palace and other interesting places. It was a great relief and pleasure to move through a real city once more, where the people looked human and civilized and the streets and buildings clean. It gave us a chance to forget Constantinople and its dogs and pigeons and filth. With our English friends, we se-

cured a compartment to ourselves in a really bully car. It was a Wagner. We had to give up two marks each extra for riding in it, but it is worth the money. We expect to get some sleep to-night even if our quarters are cramped.

ON BOARD THE ORIENTAL EXPRESS,

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1906.

THE trip through Germany and into Holland to-day was a real delight, even if it was hot and there wasn't much chance to stretch our legs. There were plenty of mountains and valleys and ruins and beautiful farming lands to be seen. For miles we traveled along the Elbe River, and we saw castles and great military stations, observations or watch towers in plenty. We also saw thousands of women working hard in the fields, saw them ballasting the railroad bed, working with pick and shovel in the quarries and at coal heaps. Gee! how much better off are the women in America.

At eight o'clock we arrived in Dresden, where the fine crockery ware is made, and were surprised to find the bill-boards covered with posters announcing the "Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, August 17 to 21." We had

scarcely pulled out of Dresden when we were held by a block signal and had to wait there for twenty minutes. Right alongside of us was the Buffalo Bill Show train on a side track. It didn't take Pete long to wake them up and let them know we were on the train. He used to write press matter for the show and knew all the important people with the outfit.

In a few minutes we had the officials of the Wild West, cowboys, Indians, gauchos, Mexicans, and the whole bunch around our car. Johnnie Baker, the champion rifle-shot of the world, gave Cab and me presents of a bear's claw set in cartridge shells. They are fine souvenirs. There was lots of cheering, and everybody on the train was guessing who we were. We were "some punkins" after that. Mr. Fred Hutchinson, the manager, and others were most cordial in their greeting and asked us to remember them to everybody in America. When our train moved away, the whole crowd, Indians and all, sung "America — my ccuntry 'tis of thee!" We'll never forget that morning. We were lonesome for a little while afterwards.

At 9.50 we got to Leipzig, and from there to Madgeburg was one continuous green field.

At Hanover, where we arrived at 3.30, there was a thunder shower and it continued to rain quite hard all along through Germany — it is raining now. It was the first real rain since leaving Boston six weeks ago. We passed through many manufacturing cities and towns, including Essen where we saw the great Krupp Gun Works. We got there at 7.25. Pete says it looks like Pittsburg. A funny thing happened here — we left the station over an hour earlier than when we arrived. The time changed here. The last few hours we haven't been able to see anything, for it is night, is raining hard, and the car windows are closed. We expect to reach Flushing, Holland, in about an hour or 11.30, to take steamer for Queenboro, England. It seems good to write those two last words — Queenboro, England — it's English and that's a sign we're getting back to earth again.

It's like coming out of a wilderness.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1906.

OUR train from Queenboro pulled into Victoria station at London at eight this morning. We boarded the steamship *Prince Henry* at Flushing at 11.40 last night and got drenched in a rain, thunder, and lightning storm. To add to our misery the steamer was crowded and we couldn't find any place to sleep except on the floor of the saloon. But we didn't care much, for we knew we would be in London this morning and our journey would be ended for a day or two. It was a tough night on the English Channel, so Pete said, and he ought to know, for he was up all night; but we didn't mind it for we were sleeping like tops, wet clothes and all. We entered Queenboro Harbor about 6 A.M., and saw the great British channel fleet lying at anchor. There must have been fifty war vessels of all classes and all sizes. They were just running

up colors and it was a beautiful sight. And among them was an U. S. man-of-war, and when her colors went climbing up towards the sky they looked most beautiful and we took off our hats and cut loose with our voices. Everybody stared at us, but we didn't care — we couldn't help it anyhow.

The ride from Queenboro to London was very interesting and the scenery worth while. From Victoria station we drove to the Adelphi Hotel on the Strand, where Pete and Walter are staying, and when they left their grips we continued to the Hotel Cecil. Pa had returned from Paris and was waiting for us here. We went up to his room, knocked on the door, and when he opened it he was the most surprised man I ever saw. He had not received our telegrams that we were on the way home, and didn't expect us until to-morrow. After we shaped up respectably we went to breakfast, and it wasn't a Continental breakfast. No tough buns for us. We plunged into fruit, tackled some fine chops, and swam in good coffee. We performed a disappearing act on that food that put Herman's tricks on the blink.

Pa and Pete then went out to arrange for

passage for Walter and Pete to go on the *Arabic* with us for America on Friday. We again met Dr. Clara Fitzgerald — she is going on the *Arabic* too. We took things very easy this afternoon, for we are tired, and after supper to-night we will turn in and try to make up for lost sleep. I know I won't do a thing to that bed, and nothing but the collapse of the roof or the blowing up of the Parliament buildings will awaken me. Cab is in the same mood.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1906.

I SPENT this morning entertaining Dr. Clara Fitzgerald, showing her the sights of London, and we also did some shopping. The afternoon was spent in packing our trunks, as we leave for Liverpool to-morrow noon and, later in the day, sail upon the *Arabic* for God's own country. This evening Cab and I went to the Palace Music Hall to see Fred Niblo, whom we once saw at Keith's in Boston, and we more than enjoyed his monologue. He is a dandy story-teller and is making a hit in London. Pete and Walter secured their passage tickets to-day and will be with us on the trip home. I'm glad, for Pete will keep 'em awake on the trip over, to say the least. He is good fun.

ON BOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1906.

UP at six o'clock this morning, we finished packing our trunks and valises before breakfast. The good-bys to friends at the Cecil ate up our time until we got ready to start, and at 10.30 Mr. and Mrs. William E. W. Conway, Dr. Fitzgerald, Pa, Cab, and myself left for the Eastern station. Pete and Walter were waiting for us — they had secured a compartment in the "boat special," and in a minute we were comfortably seated in the railway carriage. Mr. John Carney, the London representative of the New York *Clipper* who is an old Boston boy, Mrs. Carney, and Mr. J. Frank Percival Hyatt, the European booking agent for the Barnum & Bailey Circus, came down to see us off. The train pulled out at noon, and shortly before four o'clock we arrived at the Liverpool landing-stage. There were twenty-four cars to our train.

At the steamer we met Mr. John I. Taylor, owner of the Boston American League Baseball Team, and many people who were passengers with us when we came over and who were going back with us. Tom Dowd, ex-alderman from Boston, John Mitten, J. F. Hannan of Lynn, and others whom we knew, greeted us as we came up the gangway. It was pleasant to meet them, for we then knew there was going to be some fun on the trip. It was raining hard and when the *Arabic* moved down the Mersey at five o'clock it was dreary sailing.

Pa secured a special table and special stewards for our party, consisting of Pa, Cab, Dr. Fitzgerald, Walter, Pete, and myself, and we are now sure that our appetites won't be overlooked. We have a big stateroom with a large full-sized bed in it for Pa, and Pete and Walter have got a bully room up under the bridge on "the island." We spent the early part of the evening "calling" and renewing acquaintanceships. It's good to get back on the *Arabic* again and see Captain Hambelton on the bridge, my old sailor friend, who is always happy and willing to fix up deck games for us and all the crew — there are the fifty-seven varieties —

all of them. It was rather dull on account of the beastly weather. People sat around wrapped up in shawls until bedtime and then slid away to their staterooms.

ON S.S. *ARABIC*,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1906.

SLEPT bully and right along until last call for breakfast, when Pete banged on our door and told us to get up. The morning was foggy and cold. After breakfast we took a settler walk. The First Cabin was dead — it was like a morgue — nobody seemed to be alive. Joe Quinn of Salem, Lennox Hannan of Lynn, and myself went down into the saloon, banged the piano and sang (?) and tried to wake up the passengers. There was nothing doing and we gave up the job. A number were seasick and looked daggers at us — they were sore because they were not as happy as we were.

About 9 A.M. it began to clear up some — the coast of Ireland was then in sight, and an hour later we slowed up off Queenstown to take on passengers. A number of people came out in small craft to sell laces, black-

thorn sticks, and other souvenirs. It was a treat to see old men and old women hoisted up the steep sides of the *Arabic* in "boatswain chairs" carrying their goods to sell with them. I wouldn't come up that way for fifty dollars, but they know their business and that lets them out.

And when the passengers began to come aboard, we recognized a number of them, and Pete and Walter halloosed to several and created some excitement. There was a regular reunion going on for some time — it was great. We spent some time over in the Second Cabin to-day — they are alive over there, sociable and full of fun. Pete started the ball a-rolling telling stories, and now it looks as if things would wake up some. We spent this evening with several jolly passengers, swopping our experiences while abroad and telling stories. The fog-horn is blowing and it looks as if it will keep up the tooting all night.

ON BOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1906.

I SLEPT bully all night even if the fog-horn played a bum note every minute. It was a tough morning when I got on deck and everybody seemed to have the blues, and being Sunday, too — Gee! it was awful. Everybody had a long face and nobody missed service, for they were all gloomy and pious. I guess they thought they had better be as good as they could for once. Why is it that people have to wear long faces when they want to be pious? Can't they be good and happy at the same time? They make me tired! You'd think the world was coming to an end.

To-day I got acquainted with Mr. W. W. Coe, father of the world's champion shot-putter. He is full of fun and makes things pleasant around him. Also met Congressman John W. Weeks; Judge Henry N. Sheldon, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court; Mr.

Charles H. Crump, of Shreve, Crump and Low, the Boston jewelers; Mr. King C. Gillette, the inventor of a safety razor that's all to the good; Mr. James F. Quinn of Salem; Mr. Joseph Hannan of Lynn; Mr. Eugene M. Moriarty of Worcester, and others. Mr. Moriarty is a prince of good fellows — he is full of fun, has lots of Irish wit, and keeps us laughing whenever he comes around. He is the publisher of the Worcester *Post*.

The day dragged slowly and Pa declared that the captain's compass ran down during the night and that we had lost a lot of time. Then some of them did look gloomy — Gee! People aboard ship never tumble to anything. They are dead ones for sure.

ON BOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1906.

TO-DAY opened up fine, — the sun shining brightly and the sea just right for an enjoyable sail. And it is my 17th birthday, which meant that the fun was sure to be on for me; and it was. I got mine all right, all right! Our whole bunch took it out of my hide in the old-fashioned way with a slipper, and when Cab got to me, he used the heel to even up for anything I may have done to him. Joe Quinn, Lennox Hannan, Henry Farrell, Miss Olga Olsen, Miss Estelle Kimball and a few others got around the piano this morning and we had a fine impromptu concert. In this way we got a line on some talent for the regular concert to be given on Thursday night.

Spent part of the day in the Second Cabin, where amusement is to be found all the time. To-night there was a concert over there.. Tom Dowd presided. Pete went over and did a

funny turn and made a big hit. Mrs. Joseph Murphy from our cabin also assisted at the piano. The usual number of porpoises and whales were discovered during the day — another burning barn was sighted — but only the discoverers saw them, although others strained their eyes and their necks, too, trying to get a line on them. I walked a few miles around the decks this evening, — it was fine weather and the exercise will help to make me sleep, although I can sleep without it.

ON BOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1906.

THE weather was good this morning but somewhat cold. Again we stirred up the denizens of "the morgue" with musical (?) selections in the saloon, and we gained a few recruits to our singing society. It got foggy about two o'clock, cleared away some a little later, and then got cool and we all began to smell icebergs. Everybody thought that the iceberg was another fog when it was announced that one was to be seen. But it was true. A funny thing happened when Pete cried out: "Oh, look at the iceberg." There were about twenty-five saloon passengers standing about on that part of the deck when he made the announcement, and they all turned and looked at each other. It was a funny situation and I'm laughing yet.

The iceberg was a great sight. We got within two miles of it and it was a whopper.

The captain said it was the largest he had ever seen and that it was easily 800 feet long and over 150 feet high. It was a beautiful sight. It was one thing we all wanted to see and it was worth the entire trip alone. It was foggy a short time afterwards and there was a feeling of anxiety, for everybody felt that there were icebergs around which caused the fog. Some of the passengers with sharp eyes saw (?) polar bears and Esquimaux on the ice floe after Pa had pointed them out. Gee! some people can see anything. Pa says, "it's the power of suggestion," whatever that means.

ON BOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1906.

CAB and I spent most of our time to-day in the Second Cabin. There's always something doing over there. It was a waste of money for Pa to buy First Cabin tickets for us. Dignity is all right, but I like a good time better. Pete was over too and made a hit with some of his stories. Where does he get them all? To-night we attended the regular benefit concert in the Second Cabin for the Seamen's Charities, and it was good, too. Tom Dowd was the master of ceremonies and Miss Murphy was the accompanist. She is very obliging. Pete was there with his stories, a recitation, and a comic song in English dialect. More than ten pounds English money was taken at the concert, the biggest amount ever raised in the Second Cabin on the *Arabic*. I will take a sleep-producer around the deck and then to bed. It has been a good day.

ON BOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

THURSDAY AUGUST 23, 1906.

THE fog-horn was blowing hard almost all day, and it was very uncomfortable on deck. I attended a rehearsal in the saloon this morning for the concert which was given to-night. Walter Critchell was the main squeeze, — he got up the show. The rest of the day I spent in the Second Cabin playing games, and watching an interesting game of “forty-five” in which several Irish experts were engaged. I thought they’d split the table several times with their knuckles. A “bathing suit party,” announced on the bulletin at which everybody was expected to appear in bathing costumes, did not take place. It was slated for the afternoon, and it was funny to watch a number of the ladies on the lookout to see who was coming to the party, and some of the men, too, who expected to see the ladies in bathing suits. It’s a cinch

to have them fall for any kind of a game on board ship.

The concert which was given to-night in the First Cabin was the most successful ever given by any of the White Star Liners. More than fifty-one pounds sterling was realized for the Sailors' Orphans Home, and the entertainment was great. Walter Critchell, who got it up, and all the talent, were congratulated in fine style, — and they deserved it, too. T. C. Quinn of Salem, Cab and I were the ushers, and we performed our duties all right, all right. There were piano solos by Mrs. Joseph Murphy, Mr. H. C. Grant, Mr. John Dudley Peake; songs by Mr. J. H. Farrell, Miss Olga Olsen, Miss E. H. Kimball, Miss Edith Bibble; duet by Miss Olsen and Mr. Farrell; readings by Miss Lillian Drouet, and humorous stories and recitations by Pete. The concert closed with the singing of the American and British national anthems. Mr. Joseph F. Quinn of Salem, presided. Pa, Mr. Conway, Mr. Hannan, Mr. Gillette, Mr. Coe, and half a dozen others occupied reserved seats in front as a sort of Honorary Committee. Everybody was in evening clothes and it was a swell affair. Miss Olsen and Mr. Farrell

were all the peaches and cream with their duet, "When we are married." They made a hit for fair.

ON BOARD S.S. *ARABIC*,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1906.

TO-DAY opened foggy and chilly, but quickly cleared and was beautiful all day. I played cricket and shuffle-board most of the morning, and Pete, Cab, and I did some snapshotting with our cameras. Everybody on board ship seemed to be happy, and all were looking forward to the arrival in Boston tomorrow. The New England coast, although it was several hundred miles away, was discovered a number of times, and was easily seen by some of the passengers, who even distinguished objects moving about. Some people have great imaginations, especially on board ship at sea. Pa got a hundred people interested in a forest fire which he discovered, and while some of them couldn't see it, they could easily smell the burning trees. What soft things some people are. "Easy Mark" hasn't a look-in with some of them. This afternoon

we packed our grips to be ready for disembarking in the morning.

This evening we witnessed the most glorious sunset ever seen. Everybody agreed to that, even one passenger who always had something to add after everybody else got through. It was simply gorgeous. I couldn't begin to properly describe it, and it was right over Boston, too. Pete called the attention of several New Yorkers to that fact. Pete warmed up over the sunset and was pointing out "opalescent effects," "amethystine tints," "bathed in the refraction of the sun's rays," "iridescent," "prismatically gorgeous," etc., while the passengers stared at him. But he never moved a muscle as he raved over the beauties of that sunset.

After sunset we all went up on the hurricane deck and started an impromptu concert. The weather was delightful, and for a couple of hours we had some fine chorus singing. Captain Hambelton posted a bulletin at noon saying that we would drop anchor outside Boston Light at 3.20 to-morrow morning and go in at low tide and dock at Charlestown at 9.30. The Empire State Limited can't beat that for an exact schedule. And just think too, we haven't seen land for a week.

WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906.

HOME again — and from a foreign shore. We were on deck at 5.30 this morning and found ourselves at anchor in Boston Harbor, just above Long Island Light, and opposite Deer Island. When we went up forward on the observation deck there was quite a crowd there, and Pete was just remarking that he had seen everything worth seeing in Europe, but nothing so pleasing and beautiful as Boston Harbor, even if it was low tide. And most everybody seemed to agree with him. We could almost see our house in Winthrop, and I never knew before how much I loved it until we were anchored and had to stay there. If I had been permitted, I would have swam to Winthrop, and I think I could make it even if it was several miles off.

The custom authorities came on board about eight o'clock. Pete knew the whole bunch —

is there anybody worth knowing that he does not know, and anybody who does not know him?

At 9.15 we docked at Charlestown, had our luggage examined quickly, and in an hour were on our way home. It's a great sight to see the people greeting their friends. Four of them were crying and they were happy. Mama and our brothers and the manager of Papa's office and some friends were on the pier to receive us.

It was like leaving home to part with Pete and Walter at the wharf. They had been our pals for six weeks—we had traveled twelve thousand miles together, we ate and slept together, and we were a happy bunch. But "the best of friends must part," and we parted but to meet again in a few days. Grandma McRae was waiting on the porch for us when we drove up to the house, and maybe she didn't give us a welcome! A big bunch of fellows were waiting to see us, too, and between unpacking our trunks and bags, and telling about our travels, we were kept busy all day. Then I tackled this diary.

The trip is over. It was great in every sense. I'm sure I learned a lot of the world

and the people in it. I learned to love America more, and have become actually proud that I am an American. We are cleaner, better, brighter, and happier in this country. Truly it is God's own country! As Pete says, "I would rather be an abandoned lamp-post in Boston than the proudest castle in Europe."

And Cab, who thinks he is a poet, gives it as his opinion that —

"The Orient for Orientals will do,
And the British isles are very fine,
The Continent surely will interest you,
But always America for mine!"

And I guess both Cab and Pete are right. Europe is a fine place to visit, but for a permanent abode I much prefer America. And because of this trip I shall always love America more.

THE END

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